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PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

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OLD NICK:

A SATIRICAL STORY.

(CONTINUED)

VOL. II.—CHAP. XVII.

The stage.— When we are in bad company.—The basket.—The devil leaves Gregory.—Attic lodgings.—A conversation between Gregory and Barclay.—An ale-cellar.— A dark-looking little man: his proposition.—Barclay's exclamation.—The opera finished.—Gregory's opinion of it.—The night previous to presenting it to the theatre.

As they proceeded towards a neighbouring town, Barclay consulted with Gregory, on what it was most expedient to do. They were now between forty and fifty miles from London, where Barclay had a small supply of cash, as well as all his clothes, of which at present he had no change. It was therefore deemed best to expend the smuggler's money in getting to the metropolis as speedily as possible. To this end, on their arrival at the next town, they inquired whether any stages passed through the place at any time in the course of that night, or the next morning; and being informed that one was expected at midnight, they resolved to take their seats on the outside, not as preferring it for the airiness of the situation, but because it squared better with the state of their finances.

It being the middle of the summer, the exterior of the stage was not so inconvenient; and they journeyed on very agreeably, when compared to their recent mode of travelling.

Barclay's mind was now constantly bent on his opera, which seemed to be his only dependence. What he expected from it, he scarcely knew. At any rate, he trusted that it would be the means of releasing him from his fears of bailiffs: and with the idea of liberty, he could not avoid associating one equally delightful—love. Penelope still occupied his heart; and he continued to hope, without knowing why he dared to do so.

"Those," says the Coran, "who have the devil for a companion will be in very bad company." Gregory had but too often to complain of this. The fiend always attended him, whenever he got by the side of a woman. Barclay was seated on the roof. Gregory placed himself in the basket, where he had not long been, when he was joined by a comely dame in a red cloak, who, fearing to sit on the top, had left her husband there, and betaken herself by the side of Gregory. According to the Coran, he was presently *in bad company;* for the devil soon paid him a visit, and prompted him to such conduct as very much offended the virtue of the lady, who made her complaint by a few ejaculations, which quickly reached her husband's ears.

"What's the matter, my dear?" exclaimed the good man.

"Oh nothing, my love," she replied, not wishing to create animosity, "only frightened at the jumbling of the coach."

Gregory considering this as a good omen, persevered; when she was again obliged to ejaculate.

"What are you about there? roared the husband, "there's nothing to hurt you;—can't you be quiet?"

"Well, so I will," she answered, being compelled to speak, "if this gentleman will take his hand away."

"Gentleman! hand!" cried the other, and instantly stopping the coach, jumped down. "What, what is this? has he been rude to you, my dear?"

Barclay guessed the fact, and durst not say a word, but looked very black on Gregory. The wife not answering immediately, Gregory took advantage of what she had said before, and affirmed that he had only laid hold of her to prevent her being jolted out. "Is that true?" said he to his wife.

"Ye—yes," she replied. "I dare say the gentleman meant no harm—it was only my fright."

"Well, well," said the husband, rather sulkily, "you shall come and sit on the roof with me. I'll have nobody lay hold of you but myself."

Saying this, he lifted her out of the basket, and the devil instantly left Gregory; and in very good and peaceful company, they arrived in London about noon the following day.

After leaving the stage, the first thing that was necessary to be done, was to procure lodgings. Here Gregory was a very useful assistant, for, knowing all the little holes and corners about town, he soon hit upon a very cheap abode, in an obscure part of the metropolis.—Like Mrs. Pawlet's study, our hero's was as near the heavens as the house would permit him to be. Being fixed here, Gregory went to the coach-office, where they had ordered their trunks to remain until called for, and bringing them away, stowed them in the apartment. He was, at this crisis, of the greatest service to Barclay, and was never more happy than in his employment.

Barclay observed, that beside the sitting-room in the lodgings Gregory had procured, there were two small bed-chambers. "The affectionate fellow," said he to himself, "intends to reside with me, but that must not be. In that case we shall soon both starve."

Having reflected thus, and the bustle of arranging themselves in their new apartments being at an end, he addressed Gregory, stating to him the exact situation of their affairs. 'I am engaged,' said he, alluding to his opera, 'in a work which will, I hope, extricate me from my embarrassment; but it will be some time before it is finished.—The money I have is very trifling. What you have will be barely sufficient for yourself, until you can return to your trade.'

Gregory was going to expostulate.

'I will not hear a word,' continued he; 'you must get employment: if you do not, we shall both starve.'

Gregory felt the cogency of his reasoning, and the thought which then struck him, that he should by working not only prevent himself, but perhaps Barclay, from starving, made him immediately acquiesce.

'I will,' said he, 'I will go back to my business. I know where I can get employment at a moment's notice. It shall be so. But—'

'But what?'

'But I hope,' added he, pointing and looking wistfully toward one of the chambers, 'I hope you'll let me come here in the evening.'

Barclay consented.

'And to get your dinner?' said he.

'Yes, yes,' replied Barclay, 'twill be a saving plan. We must dine off the same dinner.'

'Then all's well,' said Gregory, exultingly. 'If we starve I'll be ——. But there's no need to swear. We shall do, never fear.'

In a few days Gregory was settled, and attended his trade regularly till five in the evening, and Barclay kept himself closely applied to his opera, in which he proceeded with great rapidity, never stirring from home, for prudential reasons, until it was dark, when he would, for the sake of relaxation, go with Gregory to a neighbouring ale-cellar, where politics and all sorts of subjects were discussed.

One night he got into an argument with several men of much more talent than property, and displayed his wit and erudition with very great effect.—When they were silent, a dark-looking little man, who was a constant visitor at the cellar, came up to Barclay, and in a whisper begged to speak a word to him at the further end of the room. Barclay rose and followed him. Being seated:—

'Sir,' said the other, 'I am very much pleased with your eloquence. I have been often entertained by it.'—Barclay inclined his head. 'But to come to the point,' continued he, 'I think, Sir, from your being here, and from what I have observed of you, there is no apology necessary for what I am going to propose: I dare say you would not be against profiting by the exercise of your pen?'

Barclay paused a moment, and knowing that his funds were decreasing very fast, embraced the overture, saying:

"Sir, however I may be undeserving of the compliments you pay me, I am not insensible to them. I am much flattered. With respect to your question, I will candidly confess to you that nothing could be more acceptable to me."

'The business is done then!' cried the other. 'You drink ale, Sir? taste mine.' Here helping Barclay and himself to a glass each, he said, 'To our better acquaintance;' and then added, 'I have it in my power, Sir, to appoint you to a very good situation in a newspaper. It will not be very laborious, and you will receive three guineas a week.'

'I am much indebted to you indeed!' replied Barclay. 'But, pray may I ask,' continued he, 'what is the nature of the employment?'

'Oh,' said he, with a gesture of indifference, 'that which every fashionable and popular paper requires—you will merely have to write paragraphs—abuse, and turn every thing that minsters do, whether right or wrong, into ridicule—to puff players, play-writers, and managers, if they come down; if not, cut them up. Lastly, to visit the haunts of servants—to sift them, and then make paragraphs of their masters' private concerns. Nothing is so easy; nothing tells so well!'

Barclay's blood boiled with indignant passion as he spoke, and when he had ended he was unable for some to make any reply. At last he said;

'Sir! I am not reduced to such necessity as to make me overlook every principle of honour, and descend to obtain a livehood by such villanous means.'

With this, he turned from him, and left the cellar.

"No, no!" he exclaimed, as he returned home, 'rather let me quit life at once, than prolong it by such arts. It would be more honourable, and much preferable, to follow Gregory's profession, and cut men's chins with my razor, than thus to lacerate their hearts with my pen.'

The opera was now very nearly completed. But the time he had spent upon it, had consumed the remnant of his money, and obliged him to give Gregory, at different periods, the best of his clothes to dispose of, to provide for his support. However, the deed was nearly done, which he fondly hoped would release him from his daily apprehension of being arrested, and place him in such a state of freedom and respectability, as might leave him to fix, unmolested, on his future course of life.

At length the opera was finished and polished, and being copied fairly out, was ready to be presented to the theatre. Voltaire read his works to his old woman; and Barclay read his to his old man. Gregory listened to it over and over again, and having had all the beauties pointed out, and all the jokes explained to him, he finally pronounced it a most inimitable piece.

Unable to wait till the winter, our hero resolved instantly to offer it to the theatre, and appointed the following day for that purpose. Sleepless was the night that foreran the day, *big with the fate of tweedle-dum and tweedle dee.* Aurora with her rosy fingers unbarr'd the gates of light, and caught our author with his night-cap off, tossing to and fro' on an unquiet bed, on which, close by his side, lay the cause of his immediate care—the opera. His disturbed imagination had been a chaos of images, of pain and pleasure, of hope and disappointment. Love, bailiffs, success, damnation, a motley groupe of pleasing and terrific objects, mingled themselves together in his distracted mind, and so agitated his spirits, as entirely to deprive him of rest. But now, availing himself of the young day, he seized his work, and in contemplating the charms of his Muse, he remained in bed until Gregory had risen, and prepared the breakfast.

CHAP. XIX.

The suit of cloaths.—Barclay's reception when he offers his piece.—Who has found out the perpetual motion. *—A second visit.—The merits of a modern opera discussed.—The talents requisite to produce one.—What rank the author of an opera holds.—The theatres monopolized: by whom.—Barclay imitates Rousseau.—An incident.—Extremes.—The arrow shot.*

While sipping his tea it occurred to Barclay that it would be proper to make himself a little smart on the occasion.

'I can't go in this dress,' said he to Gregory, 'and I fear my wardrobe will scarcely afford a better. That's unlucky! very unlucky!'

Here he leaned his chin upon his hand, in a musing posture.

'Don't be uneasy about it,' cried Gregory, I dare say I can manage that matter very well.' Saying so, he stepped into his chamber, and brought out a suit of clothes, which Barclay recollected to have been his best.

'Why, how's this?' said he, 'I thought you had sold these?'

'Yes, Sir,' replied Gregory, with satisfaction strongly depicted in his countenance, 'so I did.'

'So you did?'

'Yes, Sir,' he continued "I sold them to myself; and if you'll be kind enough to wear them a little for me, I shall take it as the greatest favour you can do me. I'll air'em a bit, and then they won't give you cold.'

'Perhaps Gregory, I *may* have it in my power to make you some return.'

'You'll take 'em then?' cried Gregory—'I'm contented!'

About noon, Barclay being equipped, ventured to make a *sortie*, and reaching the manager's house, he was ushered into his presence, and received with all the politeness the elegance of his address demanded. On explaining the object of his visit, the manager very politely received his piece, and, promising to give it a candid perusal, requested to see him again that day week. Barclay could not expect more gentlemanly behaviour, and, after some indifferent conversation, made his bow, and returned home perfectly satisfied with the beginning he had made.

Tho' TIME is perhaps the only Gentleman who has a just claim to having discovered the *perpetual motion*, yet, if Barclay had been consulted at this period, he would have doubted it; for he seemed to him positively to stand still, and almost entirely neglected his wonted progress. At length, however, though, in Barclay's opinion, at a very hobbling pace, as if he had lost his wings, he brought about the appointed day.

Elate with hope, and in unusual spirits, our hero again prepared himself to wait upon the manager. When he arrived at his house, the servant informed him that his master was not within, but had left word, supposing he would call, to desire him to go to the theatre, where some business had called for his attendance. Barclay obeyed, and, going to the theatre, was, after a short delay, shown into the manager's private room, where he found him sitting with his play before him. The common ceremonies being over, and Barclay seated, the other began:

"I have read your opera, Sir," said he, "with infinite pleasure.

(A bow from Barclay.)

"It has in it every thing that should be admired."

(A second bow.)

'But the state of the town is so vitiated, that it will not do."

"Not do!" repeated Barclay, in a low voice, drawing himself up as strait as a dart.

"No, Sir.'

"But you say that——"

"What I say," continued he, "in its favour, and what pleased my private judgment, makes me sure that it will have no success with the public. Your scene is for the most part rural, and your characters and incidents, simple and natural—now the town requires all art, spectacle, pomp and show; and indeed every thing that you, (speaking independently of the times,) have wisely discarded. Here too," added he, putting his hand to the opera, "I find sheer wit, but that wont do, my good Sir, nobody understands it. Puns are the thing—that's the only species of wit that's level to the comprehension of a modern audience; and, as Dryden observes, 'the worse they are, the better.' Besides, I see that you have written all your songs, and some of them in the true spirit of poetry;—but this was wrong, and mere loss of labour. There's not a composer who writes music to songs. They get some Italian or German music, mangle it, and the poet, or one who is no poet will do as well, must afterward write words to their music. In fine, the author of an opera, now, is but a fourth man, as the machinist, the scene-painter, and the composer, evidently take the lead of him in merit. It was not so formerly; but the *time is out of joint*, and we, who are its servants must conform to it. I am ashamed, Sir, to ask a man of your talent to write such a one as I have described. If you can bring yourself, to undertake so unworthy a task, I faithfully promise that my theatre shall be open to you.'

In a state of wonder, confusion, and disappointment, Barclay sat staring at the manager while he delivered the above speech, which contained so much truth, and was so ingenuous and complimentary, that he had no power or reason to complain of his usage. Some one tapping at the door at this instant, Barclay rose, with heart so full he could scarcely speak, and, taking his piece stammered out something like thanks for his politenes, and withdrew.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ANECDOTES.

An illiterate shopkeeper having an empty cask which he wished to dispose of, placed it before his door and with a piece of chalk wrote upon it "*for sail*," a waggish school-boy passing that way shortly after, and perceiving the mistake of the "Vender of wares," immediately wrote underneath, *for freight or passage, apply at the bunghole.*"

A Baronet of the last century, whose mansion was in Yorkshire, was supposed to be dead, when the following conversation took place between his jester, or fool, and one of his servants:

Servant. Our master is gone. *Fool.* Ah, whither is he gone? *Serv.* To Heaven, I hope. *Fool.* To Heaven! no, that he is not, I am sure. *Serv.* Why so? *Fool.* Why because Heaven is a great way off, and when my master was going a long journey, he used for some time to talk about and prepare for it; but I never heard him speak of Heaven, or make any preparation for going, he cannot, therefore, be gone thither.

The Baronet, however, recovered, and this conversation being told him, he was so struck by it, that he immediately began to prepare for his journey to that country, from whose bourne no traveller returns.

—

A reprobate buck parson, going to read prayers in the west of England, found some difficulty in putting on the surplice, which was an old fashioned one.—"Blast this old surplice," says he, "I think the devil is in it." The astonished clerk waited till he had got it on, and then sarcastically replied, "I think as how he is, Sir,"

—

Over the office-door of a certain attorney, was aptly placed, one night, a sign taken from the door of a neighbouring *Turner—All kinds of* TURNING *and* TWISTING *done here by J—— S——n.*

—

When the regulations of West-Boston bridge were drawn up, two famous attornies were chosen for that purpose—One section was written, accepted, and now stands thus:

"And the said proprieters shall meet annually, on the first *Tuesday* of June, provided the same shall not fall on *Sunday*."

—

There were lately discovered in a private house in Wirtemberg, in Saxony, several sheets of music, written according to the opinion of the best judges, in Luther's own hand. That extraordinary man, it is said, was not only an amateur of music, and held weekly concerts at his house, but was also himself a very excellent composer, and performer. The celebrated Handel acknowledges that he had studied the compositions of Luther, and had reaped singular benefit from them.

—

An Irish peasant was carried before a magistrate on a charge of having stolen a sheep, the property of Sir Garrat Fitsmaurice. The justice asked him, "If he could read?" To which he answered, "A little." "You could not be ignorant then, (said Mr. Quorum,) that the sheep found in your possession belonged to Sir. Garrat, as his brand (G. F. M.) was on it." "True," replied the prisoner, "but I really thought the three letters stood for Good Fat Mutton."

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

The Cynic, No. 1.

"*No life is pleasing to* GOD *but that which is useful to mankind.*"

ADVENTURER, VOL. II.

TOO often the essays and productions of authors of all descriptions, that are presented to the public, are prompted solely by a desire of renown. In the contracted circle of my intimate acquaintance, from certain opinions I am supposed to entertain, I am esteemed a Cynic, and under that title I now venture forth into the world. It is not mankind that are the objects of my aversion—it is their vices only that I hate—their virtues I venerate wherever they are to be found. The ways of Providence are inscrutable. We sometimes find instruments, in themselves insignificant, made use of to effect his all-wise designs, and accomplish the purposes of Omnipotence. Far be it from me to entertain the arrogant supposition of my being selected to execute the designs of the Almighty, the infinite and incomprehensible source of life and motion. I step forward through no improper desire of acquiring the wreathe of fame, but to use those faculties which I possess in common with my fellow-men for the general benefit. I have many leisure hours upon my hands; I should deem them well employed, if by the exposition of a single error, that error should be corrected. The essays which will be presented to the public in the subsequent numbers, will not be adorned with the graces of eloquence, the refinement of sophistry, or the false ornaments which too often usurp the place of plain and sound argument. I aim not at elegance, but—"*Graces au ciel, j'exerce rondement ma profession**." The motto I have quoted has produced in my mind a conviction that every man ought to make every exertion to aid the cause of virtue and morality, and by endeavouring to be of benefit to mankind, to acquire the favour of his Creator. At a period like the present, when the spirit of innovation threatens to dissolve all the bonds of society—all those ties which connect us with each other, and with our GOD, the obligation to call into action our latent powers is redoubled, and the duty we owe to Him, and to each other, more powerfully impressed on the reflecting mind.

* Gil Blas. Thanks to heaven I carry on my profession honestly.

With respect to myself, as every person upon first venturing into the literary world, is privileged to exercise the talent of egotism, (and it most undoubtedly is a talent,) I shall make a few preliminary observations. By birth I am a foreigner; but America is the country of my choice,—of my adoption. Here I have spent a large proportion of my life, since I have attained the age of maturity, in the possession of content, if not happiness. Placed in a sphere above the ills of poverty, yet below the cares of affluence, with a disposition to be happy in any situation, I have arrived at the meridian of life, with a constitution uninjured by study or dissipation. Reading was an amusement carefully cultivated from my infancy, but not pursued with such unremitting application as to endanger my health. Opportunity has not been wanting to form a tolerably accurate idea of the manners and motives of mankind; for I have seen them in various societies and situations in the course of my life, and therefore, if my conceptions of their governing principles are erroneous, it must be attributed to a want of judgment—a deficiency in that discriminating power which is requisite to examine the conduct of man in his connection with his fellows. The reader may form what idea he pleases of my personal appearance; it is totally immaterial. My being *long or short-faced*, fat as a lazy monk, or lean as a half-starved poet, will operate as *an idea*, in a very slight degree to render my speculations more or less acceptable. But to bring the chapter of egotism towards a conclusion—(for it is a vice or folly, which the reader pleases, that I most cordially despise) all communications to the Cynic deposited with the editor of the Repository, will be acted upon as circumstances may require.

Man, endowed as he is with intellectual powers, has not yet arrived at the state of perfection which will enable him to soar above the prejudices of his education. He is ambitious of extricating himself from those ties which he knows to be ignominous; but his finite capacity aids him to leave old habits, only to involve himself in doubt and delusion. When quite young I was dazzled with the appearance of the new philosophy. It rose on my mental view luminous and pure as the sun emerging from the shadows of night. The false glimmering it emitted, the artificial lustre of this meteor, drawn from the bogs of sophistry and perverted reason, dazzled my sight, and blinded me to the truths of Christianity and revealed religion. It felt like the dawning of a glorious morn of truth and reason on my soul, too long benighted in the mists of priest-craft and superstition. Youthful impetuosity hurried me forward to embrace the tenets of *sound philosophy*; but fortunately I was extricated from the toils so artfully spread ere I had entirely yielded to the seductions of its insidious attraction, or given up my every hope of happiness to annihilation! How ought I to adore the Almighty Power that extended its protecting arm to save me from the destruction I courted. The idea is replete with horror. Memory never brings to my view the imminent danger to which I was exposed—never paints in genuine colours the interminable abyss upon whose brink I stood, but I shudder at the retrospect. Should any person be exposed to like danger, may the same propitious Power save him from the machinations of the fiends of darkness, and the wiles of the apostles of Deism. Declamation will, I fear, fail of effecting the desired end—conviction: Argument I have not at present time to call to my assistance; the present number shall therefore be concluded with the Cynic's best wishes for the prosperity of the indulgent reader, in common with the whole mass of mankind. For although by title a misanthrope, he wishes every one of his fellow-creatures to be divested of every vice, and free from the tincture of modern philosophy; that when the final period of their existence arrives, they may be—"*Awakened, as from slumber, among the spirits of the elect, where the soul enjoys a more intimate communion with her Maker.*"* W.

* Svegliata fra gli spirti eletti,
Ove nel suo Fattor l'Alma s'interna!
PETRARCH.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. BOGAN,

A WRITER in your paper, who signs himself "*Querist*," has presented us with a string of enquiries, on various subjects; among which there is one (XIV.) that draws the public attention to a comparative view of the MINERVA, and your REPOSITORY; stating, that "a young Miss avowed as her decided opinion, that the Repository was not *nigh* as entertaining as the Minerva."—Upon which the Q. asks, What is the reason of this preference? or, If between those two papers there is a material difference, what is it?

This statement, and the consequent questions, involve many considerations of no mean importance; and had I ability equal to my wishes, I would satisfy the Querist; and also tell that *decided* young

Miss something of herself, which, though quite as *nigh* to her interest as the Minerva to her taste, she either does not know, or would not like to hear. However, I will just throw out an idea or two that occurs to me, on the subject, in hopes that it may induce some abler hands to give their sentiments also: and thus, from the collected opinions of many, may be formed a fair judgment of the specific merits of each of the above papers; and, consequently, of the difference between them, both as to its nature and magnitude.

In the first place, for the sake of perspicuity and justice, I must thus state, *generally*, the considerations which (as alluded to) will demand animadversion:

1. Is there material difference between the Minerva and Repository?

2. What is that difference, and wherein does it consist?

3. Who is it that prefers the Minerva?

4. What is that entertaiment which decides the preference?

Far be it from me to derogate in the smallest degree, from the merit of the editors of the Minerva, Messrs. Woodruff, Turner, Pechin and Turner, thro' whose hands it successively passed: but I cannot help thinking, that it was not a little recommended by *novelty; numerous small tales; advertisements; news; politics; foreign advices; controversies, religious, political, metaphysical, and even personal; criticisms, &c. &c.; most* of which are EXCLUDED FROM THE REPOSITORY. Let us enquire how and why these were recommendations.

Such is the nature of man, that whatever powerfully excites his curiosity, agitates him, rouses his passions, affects his interests, flatters his vanity and pride, gratifies his resentments, or feeds his inordinate appetites, immediately seizes on and deeply interests the human heart. Hence,

1. *Novelty* must have been peculiarly auspicious to the Minerva, especially at and for some time after its commencement; for I believe that it was the first paper of the kind ever established in Philadelphia. In every age, mankind have sought for this same thing novelty, as for "hidden treasure:" and we do not, in our day, want arguments to convince us of its fascinating charms and universal power. The Minerva was therefore, caught at with avidity, by writers who had fugitive productions on hand, for which they wished a recepticle more permanent than the daily papers; and also by readers of every class, either to relieve *ennui*, or to give *esprit* to the monotonous routine of their other reading. This Novelty, the Repository could not have.

2. *Numerous small tales* was another thing favourable (I won't say how justly) to the patronage and circulation of the Minerva, among the *leves mentes*, who like light reading. Nor could the interest thus obtained be small or trifling, when we consider that this class of people constitutes three-fourths of the community; and that they are fond of "trifles light as air;" of the wild, the terrific, and the marvellous, as well as of the soft, the melting and the voluptuous. They do not read for instruction or profit, but to "kill time," or gratify a liquorice taste; and therefore, they prefer such tales, as abound with stories of dæmons, hobgoblins, spectres, witches, haunted towers, church-yards, charnal houses, tombs, inchantments, murders, robberies, gods, goddesses, angels, divinities, demigods, heroes, heroines, lovers, &c.—or loves, gallantries, intrigues, bastards, perjuries, murders, assassinations, hair-breadth-escapes, suicides, and an almost infinite chain of ridiculous and wild et ceteras; which would have entitled the crazy authors to a share of the mad-house rather than a place in civilized society, among reasonable creatures.

This is one of the recommendations which the Repository has not, and I trust never will have. It is true, indeed, that there have some few such appeared in it; and its Friends have regretted that the rage for Novel-reading and the depraved taste of this age of Chivalry, have rendered it almost a necessary ingredient in the Desert, in order, by diversifying it, to make it agreeable to all. To the Novels, however, which the Editor has published, little or no objection can be made; as their object and tendency are to serve the cause of Virtue and Happiness, by discountenancing the malignant and dissocial passions; and more especially as he has omitted all those expressions in the Originals, which are prophane, vulgar, obscene, indecent, or unchaste.

3. *Advertisements* was another article that added to the Minerva's interest: And indeed, this must be obvious to every one, who considers how many professions, callings, trades, &c. there are in this City, all of which are interested more or less, in such advertisements. This is a recommendation which the Repository has but in part, and that a small one; yet let it be remembered that the space occupied in that way, by the Minerva, to the exclusion of more interesting and useful matter, is thrice as much as that of the Repository.

4. *News* was another object which powerfully excited an interest in the Minerva. "Wars and rumours of wars," fleets and armies, fire and sword, campaigns, sieges, battles, slaughter, bloodshed, destruction, &c. have an astonishing effect on the soul, rendering her "all eye, all ear," and commanding attention. Happy, however, for us and for mankind, these direful scenes no longer exist to blot the face of Creation, or the page of history. This is another recommendation which the Repository has not; and every good man must pray that it never may have.

5. *Politics* was another thing which excited an interest in the Minerva, and that a powerful one; because, next to Religion, it takes deepest root in the heart. Free, as we are, in the liberty of speech and of the press, it is natural for us to use it. Diversity of sentiment produces divisions and parties; warm publications bring warm animadversions; severe accusations are followed by cutting replies, &c. till perhaps both sides set in for serious paper-war; in which even disinterested people and bye-standers often feel as if they took a part.—This is another recommendation which the Repository has not at present, and indeed, in part excludes, as appears by the Prospectus in the first number of the second volume. I am, however, of opinion, that this head might be introduced with salutary effect, provided writers on the subject would shew more coolness of temper, urbanity of disposition, candour in animadversion, and good-will to each other.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

ANECDOTE.

SOME time ago, there lived in England, a nobleman who was notorious for libertinism. He seldom visited his country estate, which lay at a considerable distance from the capital; but when he did, many of his tenant's daughters received stains, which his lordship always esteemed as honours confirmed on these blushing plebians.

On one of his visits to the country, he determined to go on Sunday to the parish church, where he persuaded himself all the blooming beauties of the parish would be assembled; and from thence he doubted not but he would be able to make a choice highly gratifying to his vitiated taste.

The preacher was a man eminent for piety: he was always master of his sub-

ject, and possessed no small share of eloquence. He had selected for that day's exercise this passage, "But whoremongers and adulterers God will judge." He discussed the subject with such animation, painted in such strong colours the seducer and the seduced, so fully exposed the horrid sin of debauchery,—and painted so feelingly the punishment which awaited the female ruiner, that Sir John was alarmed. In every sentence he saw some trait of his own character, and finally concluded that the preacher preached only to *expose* and *affront him*.

The service being ended, his lordship, enraged, flew to his coach, determined on ample vengeance. He furiously drove to the residence of the bishop, in whose diocese this preacher had his cure—The complaint was made, and the dismissal of the preacher was earnestly requested.

The good bishop replied, that if indeed the preacher had affronted him, he should have immediate redress, and entreated his lordship to inform him in what manner.

"Why, I went to church to-day, and he preached a sermon, which was every sentence levelled against *me*."

"Is it possible that he could so degrade his sacred profession? I could not have believed it; he bears a most excellent character.—Pray what was the text?"

"*But whoremongers and adulterers God will judge.*"

"Did he know of your lordship's intention of visiting the church?"

"No, my lord; I came to the country late last evening."

"How handled he the text?"

"Thus and thus, my lord; and he drew *my* picture in every sentence."

"Ah, my lord," replied the pious dignitary, "the preacher has done his duty; I cannot, I dare not censure him.—He did not preach against you, but against your vices.—Remember, my lord, the word of God is SHARP AND POWERFUL, and *it has found you out*.....Go, my dear sir, amend your life, and you will find the preacher will never insult you.

The Enigmatist, No. 1.

"A trifle, if it move but to amuse."
COWPER.

AS it is the fashion of the present day to "kill time" as adroitly as possible, no surprise need be excited at a person's coming forward to endeavour to assist, "as much as in him lies," in the above laudable desire. As I dislike formal introductions, I will proceed to inform the Reader, that this is the first of a series in which I intend, in the words of the poet from whom I have taken my motto, to "give time a shove;" my purpose, I have no doubt, will produce some delectable emotions in the fashionable gentry of this enlightened age, at finding the great object in some measure attained, for which they daily, or rather *nightly*, labour. As "variety is charming," my numbers will consist of a mixture of *Enigmas*, *Charades*, *Rebuses*, *Conundrums*, with all the *et ceteras* they would wish to "puzzle their brains" with. I will just inform them, however, that they are *not* original. Wishing them much success I proceed to my business. ROGO.

1. WHY is an old woman who *can't* work, like a young one who does a *great deal* of work?

2. Take *one* from *fifteen*, and why is the remaining number like the sand on the sea shore?

3. What's a man like, that is in the middle of a great river, and can't swim?

4. What makes *shoes*?

5. A gentleman, on being asked how old he was, replied, 'I am as old as what *you do* every day, and all day long.' Of what age was he?

6. My first is equality,
My second inferiority, and
My third superiority.

7. My first runs *at* you,
My second runs *into* you,
My third runs *through* you.

8. Why are two giggling girls like the wings of a chicken?

9. *I C s x . . O. C Q P. Y U*—This was written on the chamber-door of Queen Elizabeth.

10. We read that Methusalem was the oldest man, and yet he died before his father.

11. My first is a toy,
My second is less than a name,
My third is nothing at all.

12. A certain natural production, neither animal, vegetable nor mineral; it exists on the surface of the ground, from two feet to six, and is neither male nor female, is often mentioned in the Old Testament, and is strongly recommended in the New.

CURIOUS LETTER,

Said to be in the hand-writing of the famous CARDINAL RICHELIEU, *in which an artifice is made use of in giving a true character of a worthless Ecclesiastic, to the French Ambassador at Rome. The following is an exact Translation from the French Copy. The first column contains the real character of the man; but by reading both together, it appears to be a recommendatory epistle, giving the highest idea of his worth.*

MASTER Campy, a Savoyard by birth,
is the man, who will present to you
this letter. He is one of the most
vicious persons that I ever knew,
he has long and earnestly solicited me
to give him a character to you,
which I have accordingly granted to
his importunity; for believe me, Sir,
I would be sorry that you should be
mistaken in not knowing him well,
as some worthy gentlemen have been,
and those among the best of my friends.
I think it my duty to advertise you
to take especial care of this man,
nor venture to say any thing before him
in any sort; for I may and do
assure you, there cannot be a more
unworthy person in the whole world
I well know that as soon as ever you
shall become acquainted with him, you
will thank me for this my advice.
Civility obliges me to desist from
saying any more on the subject.

Paris, November 23, 1638.

Friar of the order of St Benedict,
the notifications communicated by me in
discreet, the wisest, and the least
among all that I have conversed with;
to write to you in his favour, and
together with a letter of credence:
his merit, rather indeed, than to
he deserves infinitely your esteem, and
wanting in serving him, through being
I should be afflicted if you were so
on that score, but now esteem him,
Wherefore, and from no other motive,
that you are most particularly obliged
to shew him all the respect imaginable,
that may either offend or displease him
truly say, I love him as myself, and
convincing argument of a mean and
than to be base enough to injure him.
are made sensible of his virtues, and
will love him as well as I do, and
The assurance I entertain of your
urging this matter to you further, or
I am, Sir, your affectionate friend.

RICHELIEU.

A——Z.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

SUMMER.

SEE, the gay morn dispels the shades of night,
And the dark hills with bright effulgence gilds;
The glowing skies reflect the early light;
The dew-drop glistens on the verdant fields.

Welcome all nature hails with rapt'rous voice
The glad appearance of the dewy morn,
The tuneful songsters of the groves rejoice,
While glowing tints the varying scene adorn.

And now, while cool and balmy is the air,
Ere yet the Sun his burning splendor sheds,
I'll to the fragrance-breathing fields repair,
And pluck the flow'rets from the grassy beds.

Lo! now the Sun refulgent from the skies,
Darts on the oppressed world his fervid ray;
Rids clouds of dust in whirling eddies rise,
And reigns with burning splendor o'er the day.

Oppress'd with heat, all nature seeks the shade,
Where softly blows the sweet refreshing breeze,—
The moss-roof'd grotto in the shelt'ring vale,
The humble cottage, or the spreading trees.

For fierce the sun darts his meridian beams
Upon the wearied trav'ler's fainting frame;
Parches the fields, drinks the meand'ring streams,
And o'er all nature sheds his ardent flame.

Life soon would sink beneath his fiery reign,
And fainting nature quickly would expire,
Did not cool breezes fan the heated plain,
By heav'n ordain'd to mitigate his fire—

Did not at times, towards the close of day,
Loud thunders roll, and vivid lightnings glare,
While angry clouds their awful fronts display,
And show'rs descend to purify the air.

How great their terrors! but how good th' effects!
Tho' their appearance stoutest hearts appal,
'Tis an All-bounteous Hand the storm directs,
And bids it op'rate for the good of all.

Now o'er the plains soft-breathing zephyrs blow,
Reviving nature hails their quick'ning pow'r;
The setting sun shines with a milder glow,
While all is humid with the fallen show'r.

Season of heat! oppressive is thy sway,
To those who're doom'd thro' life to constant toil;
Who, by their labour, live from day to day,
And reap the produce of the fertile soil:

Yet welcome is thy reign—Command Divine,
Spring, autumn, winter, in their turn ordains,
With heat and lustre bids thy sun to shine,
To call rich treasures from the fertile plains.

Summer, from thee, what num'rous blessings flow!
What various flow'rs adorn the smiling vale!
With richest fruits thou load'st the bending bough,
And bidst rich harvests wave with ev'ry gale.

CARLOS.

Answer to the Charade in page 191.

PATRIOT.

Answer to the Charade in page 255.

HAPPINESS.

Answer to the Enigma in page 240.

TRUTH.

Answer to the Enigma in page 256.

'TIS that which oft increases bliss,
Tho' some it makes quite peasy;
'Tis nothing, ladies, but a KISS,
Be not therefore uneasy.

ANECDOTE.

LAST week a company of strolling players, on coming to Montrose, in Scotland, gave out in their opening bills, the Comedy of *The West-Indian*, with *The Devil to Pay*. Their scenery not arriving from Aberdeen on the night of performance, the play was in consequence put off for that evening; but in order that the public should have proper notice, the manager employed the town-drummer, who (probably having been reading the accounts from St. Domingo) published it in the following terms: "O yes! O yes! O yes! I let ye to wit!—that the play ackers skreens hae nae come forward frae Aberdeen, an' they canna perform this evening; but the manager assures the public, that the morn's night there will be the *Devil to pay in the West Indies!—God save the King!* (*Lon. Pap.*

OBSERVATION.

AN acute Frenchman has remarked, that the modest department of really wise men, when contrasted to the assuming air of the young and ignorant, may be compared to the different appearance of wheat, which while its ear is empty, holds up its head proudly, but as soon as it is filled with grain, bends modestly down, and withdraws from observation. He might however, have added, that when the ears are filled with conceit, instead of wisdom, which often happens, the head is still bourne up with all the pride of emptiness.

PHILADELPHIA,

JUNE 26, 1802.

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENTS!

ON Monday the 7th inst. Mary Gullon, daughter of John Gullon, Stone-cutter of this city, on going near the wheel of the Marble Saw Mill, at Falls Run, Falls of Schuylkill, to place some butter in a Spring Chamber, was unfortunately caught by the crank, and hurried to eternity in an instant, bereaving her parents of a most amiable young woman, in the fourteenth year of her age. (*True Amer.*

Barnsborough, Gloucester County, (N. J.) June 10, 1802.

ON the 8th inst. a melancholy accident took place in this vicinity. Mr. Jeremiah Mahong, being exceedingly fond of his gun, taking it into his hand, said in a joke to his wife, Come out and I will learn you to exercise; upon which she took another gun that had been, without their knowledge, loaded by her brother, in order to shoot some crows, which she carelessly held in her hand, and when she attempted to snap it, it unfortunately went off; the whole lead entered his head just under his left eye, and went out just behind his right ear, and he fell lifeless at her feet. He was about 23 years of age, and she about 17; they had been married a fortnight the evening before. The distressing scene is not easily described, as an uncommon fondness had subsisted between them. An inquest was held over the body, and the jury returned their verdict, that his death was occasioned by the accidental discharge of a gun in the hands of his wife. (*Trent. True Amer.*

Extract of a Letter, dated, Liverpool, April 24.

"I have been much diverted by seeing a woman sold at public auction.—On the proclamation of peace, and the discharge of the seamen from the fleet, three sailors who arrived here from London, found themselves all married to the same female. They immediately put a rope about her neck, mounted her on a bench in a public place, and had her struck off by the public crier. She brought *six pence*. Several thousand spectators attended.

David Forrester, lately executed for the murder of Capt. Pigott, of the Hermione, made the following shocking confession a few minutes previous to his being turned off:—"That he went into the cabin and forced Capt. Pigott overboard through the port while he was yet alive. He then got on the quarter-deck, and found the first Lieutenant begging for his life, saying, he had a wife and three children depending on him for support; he took hold of him, and assisted in heaving him overboard alive; and declared he did not think the people would have taken his life, had he not first took hold of him. A cry was then heard through the ship, that Lt. Douglas could not be found; he took a lanthron and candle and went into the gun-room, and found the Lieutenant under the Marine Officer's cabin; he called the rest of the people, when they dragged him on deck, and threw him overboard. He next caught hold of Mr. Smith, a midshipman, a scuffle ensued, and finding him likely to get away, he struck him with his tomahawk, and threw him overboard. The general cry next, was for putting all the officers to death, that they might not appear as evidences against them; and he seized on the Captain's Clerk, who was immediately put to death." [*London Paper.*

A marvellous letter from Surinam, states, that Capt. Brown, of the 5th battalion of the 6th regiment, being out on a shooting party upon the Surinam river, saw a large shark near in shore, which he shot at with a bow and arrow. The fish was evidently struck, and went down, and next morning it was seen in a wounded state close in shore; on which boats went off, and brought it in, and killed it; and on opening it, to the astonishment of Capt. Brown, and a considerable number of people, there was found in the stomach, a woman, genteely dressed, and entire except her head, which had been evidently severed from the body. [*London Paper.*

Marriages.

MARRIED, on the 19th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Helfenstein, Mr. Alexander Stewart, Merchant, to Miss Eliza May, daughter of Mr. Adam May, all of this city.

——On the 22d, by the Rev. Mr. Janeway, Mr. Robert Burkhard, to Miss Sarah Sharp, both of this city.

Deaths.

DIED, on the 21st inst. Mr. Josiah Matlack, of this city.

——At Baltimore, on the 22d, R. H. Moale, Esq. Register.

—— At Charleston, the 5th inst. William Logan, Esq. a native of the state of South Carolina, aged 75 years and 6 months. Mr. William Logan, was a grandson of George Logan, esq. one of the first settlers in this state, who came from Aberdeen, Scotland, in the year 1690, a colonel in the British army then stationed in Charleston.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"*Rago*" is at liberty to pursue his plan,—it will, at least, answer the end proposed, and that probably in an agreeable and innocent manner.

"*The Thunder Storm*," by *Orlando*, in our next.

"*No Flat*" is flat enough—But as he seems sensible of the propriety of the old adage, he ought to know how to apply it.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

MR. HOGAN,

There cannot be a more disagreeable task imposed upon me, than to answer such illiberal attacks as those which so spitefully flow from the pen of Rugged. *I took a proposition, and never lost sight of it till my Ode was finished.* Rugged *thinks his withers are wrung, and attacks me not on that subject, but on* CRITICISM *—and in such a manner that I would not have thought it worthy of an answer, were it not that I hope thereby to cure him of his vanity.* Rugged *must know, that Willy Smooth is only accountable for what* HE *has said; and* Rugged *must* only *answer for* Tough's *illiberality—and neither the one or the other has any thing to do with the opinions advanced by any other* anonymous writer.

TO RUGGED AND TOUGH.

I knew a tatter'd tinker once,
We call'd him RUGGED TOUSY,
And he could always brawl the best
When he was somewhat bouzy.

IRISH BALLAD.

Friend. WHAT ails thee Rugged? Why that haggard air?
Why frowns thy face? Why bristles up thy hair?
Why boils thy breat with passion, meek-ey'd youth?

Tough. Why, curse it, Willy Smooth has teld the truth:
I'm all on fire—he means I'm sycophantic—

Friend. Dear Rugged stop, or faith, he'll swear your frantic;
So glibly runs thy tongue in scolding, Tough,
That many fear 'twill soon be foul enough.
Fye, change thy style; do not degrade the poet;
You have *some* understanding, do pray shew it.
More praise you'll gain by conq'ring fiery passion,
Than all the CROAKING CRITICS *in the nation.*

Tough. But how can I, a man so great in merit,
So high in worth, of such a noble spirit,
Bear to be blam'd by little scribbling elves,
Who ought to bend before our mighty selves.*

Friend. 'Tis hard indeed—but pray my friend be quiet,
Don't speak so loud, lest you should breed a riot:
Consider Willy's ode—'tis easy done—
Severely criticize—'twill be rare fun.—

Tough. It shall be done——Confusion!—all my art
Cannot expose it in a single part:
" He has not left a single hole or cranny,
" Or for a wise man or a zany,
" Meaning or sense, or thought to wedge in."†

Friend. If so, what meaning's in thy spite and grudging?

Tough. I cannot tell,—I believe it will me kill.—
My conscience owns *'tis true*, say what I will—
I'll scold, call names, condemn the thing in toto,
And on his merit place my damning veto.

* *Great poets always use the plural number.*

† *Ye critics stand aloof—Go ye blunderers and learn to wedge thoughts in crannies—Go ye pretenders to learning, and behold a fool stopping holes with* sense *and* meaning! *O Rugged! Rugged! Rugged! Why art thou* RUGGED TOUGH?

That will do,—
Adieu, adieu;
I must away, I'm in a haste,
I find my precious time does waste.

WILLY SMOOTH TO RUGGED & TOUGH:

AN EPISTLE.

RUGGED attend—you say " for fame I pant"—
No, Rugged, no; I m not a sycophant.
Grant that I criticize, 'tis 'cause I love,
At risque of FAME, some other to improve:
Wise men approve, fools call me peevish elf,
And blaze with spite,—*Videlicit*, THYSELF.

Great fame is thine, for thou surpassest RANNIE,
Compar'd with thee, he's but a blund'ring zany.
Thy hocus pocus pow'r, his far surpasses;
Thou giv'st an ode, bright eyes and ears like asses:
Still wonder grows,—thy skill more strange appears,
Thou mak'st it first all eyes, and then all ears.

Rugged profound! than Hunter* much more wise,
From each *tough* wind-pipe, let thy praise arise.
Sure inspiration sprung from t'other bottle
When you to woman turn'd fam'd Aristotle. †
Ah Tough beware—the thing is so uncommon,
Another draught may make THEE an old woman.

Now ere we part, I must, I will advise,
Tho' bursting passion swell thy sparkling eyes—
Praise still where praise is due; and if a friend
You have, correct—perhaps he may amend....
And mind, there's one you often should correct—
Improve—amend—regain THY lost respect.

WILLY SMOOTH.

* *Mr. John Hunter, article* 30, *Philosophical Transactions*, 1780, *gives an account of a partridge, who by age was changed from a male to a female.*

† *"Poet divine! thy critic-rules are keen as*
Or grandame *Aristotle's, or Longinus'!"*

DELIA:

A PASTORAL;

PART II.

I slept not long beneath yon rural bow'r;
And lo! my crook with flow'rs adorn'd I see:
Has gentle Delia bound my crook with flow'rs,
And need I, Florio, name my hopes to thee?

SHENSTONE.

RETURN enthusiast Hope, return
And fill thy station in my breast:
O come, on glittering pinions borne,
To sooth my many cares to rest.
Something within my heart doth say,
Joy waits upon thee, swain, to-day.

My bow'r, why look'st thou thus so gay?
Flora has lent thee all her charms;
Has gentle Delia pass'd this way,
And does she come to bless my arms?
Emit thy odours, bloom more fair,
For soon in all thy sweets she'll share.

Companion of my lonely hour,
Sweet, pretty Dove, ah! why thus mourn:
Has thy fond partner left the bow'r?—
O cease thy plaint—she'll soon return.
Surely she will not be unkind,
Thy hearts delight thou soon wilt find.

No longer then let us repine—
Hark! the lark 'gins his matin song;
On yon far hills the sun doth shine,
And rouses up the busy throng:
With haste they leave th' aerial way,
To hail the glorious orb of day.

The morn serene, with blushes crown'd,
Calls forth my steps 'mongst flow'rets fair;
Heav'n spreads her choicest stores around,
And fragrance gently floats in air.
I'll seek my wand'rer on the plain,
And thus my wonted bliss regain.

Thou shade, the witness of our love,
Has meek-ey'd Delia pass'd this way?
She often used to haunt thy grove:
She hither oft alone would stray.
See, see, she flies her swain to meet—
The light grass bends beneath her feet.

My little Girl! come to my arms:
Where hast thou been—speak, charmer, say?
Thy red-cheeks glow with heighten'd charms,
And emulate the blush of day.
Tell me, O tell my lovely fair,
Thy swain impatient waits to hear.

But since we've met, we'll haste away,
And seal our vows so lately giv'n:
Wake, heav'n-born bliss! wake joy to-day,
And antedate the bliss of heav'n.
Let us, my Delia, truly prove,
The pure delights of mutual love.

EUGENIO.

SELECTED.

(From a Friend—for the Repository.)

On one DAY, *that ran away in his Landlord's debt.*

HERE night and *Day* conspire a running flight,
For *Day* it seems is run away by night:
The day is past, but Landlord where's your rent?
You might have seen that *Day* was almost spent:
Day sold and pawn'd, and put off what he might,
Tho' it was ne'er so dark, *Day* would be light.
You had one *Day* a tenant, and would fain
Your eyes might see one *Day*, that *Day* again.
No landlord more, you now may truly say,
And (to your cost) that you have lost the *Day*.
Day is departed in a mist of fear,
For *Day* is broke, yet *Day* doth not appear.
From sun to sun is the set time of pay,
But you should have been up 'fore break of *Day*:
Yet if you had, you had got nothing by't,
For *Day* was running, and broke over night.
His fiery prancers made the welkin roar,
One horse for haste, hath left a shoe at door;
His pale face *Day* now dies in darkness' shroud,
Truth is, at present *Day* is under cloud.
But how now, Landlord, what's the matter, pray?
Can you not sleep that you so long for *Day*?
Put off your passion, Sir, though a round sum,
Without all question a pay-*Day* will come;
Then for your rent never torment your soul,
For you will see *Day* at a little hole.
In the interim, to the tavern let's away,
And cheer our hearts, since 'tis a broken DAY.